THE VIRDEN ADVANCE.

VOLUME III. NO. 16 — VIRDEN, MAN., THURSDAY, OCT. 27, 1887. — G. J. ATKINSON, Proprietor. W. H. HALL, Editor and Manager

The Worth of His Money.

There was once a man who, in return for some services tendered the town, was given a pass over a certain toll bridge. He had used it freely, but apparently with no great amount of gratitude, for, on the day when he supposed it to expire, he resolved to make the most of his privilege.

Inviting a boon companion to accompany him, he drove back and forth over the bridge all day long, varying this monotonous occupation by derisive remarks addressed to the keeper. The toll-taker said nothing, but looked as if he knew more than he chose to say, while he kept an exact tally of the number of [illegible] trips.

Next day a bill for toll was presented to the man who had so abused his privilege.

"No, you don't!" he said, [illegible]. "I haven't got a pass to-day, but yesterday I had [illegible] night, and I didn't go over the bridge after ten."

"Are you pretty positive your almanac ain't out of order?"

The other regarded him with scorn.

"Look here," said he, producing his pass, "this stops August 10th, and"—an alarming doubt began to creep over his features.

"And yesterday was the eleventh," reiterated the keeper, again smiling and tendering his bill. "Folks have to be mighty particular not to make any mistakes about dates, in legal matters, you know."

The bill was paid and the man who got the worst of the affair has not only resolved to consult the calendar in future, but also to avoid being "as funny as he can."

Tunnelling the Rockies.

One of the most prodigious engineering [illegible]

How to Become Rich.

[illegible]

Housekeeping in Mexico.

[illegible]

Queen Christina.

[illegible]

A Railroad Over Mountains.

[illegible]

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

Mr. Oswald Bowie, of Morden, Man., has a cabbage that weighs 22 pounds.

[illegible]

A crusade against gambling houses has been commenced by the police of Montreal.

The rain of Saturday did much good in the way of checking the bush fires and clearing away the smoke.

[illegible]

... and a Canadian training to the young immigrants before they are cast adrift.

AMERICAN.

Tennessee rejected Prohibition by a majority of about 20,000.

The total decrease in the United States debt last month was $14,247,968.

John B. Finch, of Nebraska, the well-known temperance advocate, died suddenly in Boston on Monday night.

The United States Treasury Department has decided that rough square pine timber from Canada is dutiable at the rate of $2 per 1,000 feet.

General Crook's report to the War Department on the recent Ute outbreak in Colorado completely exonerates Colorow and his band, and declares that from the beginning to the end of the trouble the whites were the aggressors.

L. S. Oliver, president of the Chicago Amnesty Association, which has charge of the petitions in behalf of the condemned Anarchists, states that the work of the association is progressing rapidly. Captain Black said that he expected to go to Washington next week to present the case of the condemned Anarchists to the Supreme Court.

An amusing game of baseball was played September 19 in Philadelphia, Pa., between the "Sockeys" and the "Hoppers," the former winning by a score of 35 to 14. The "Sockeys" are all one-armed men, and each "Hopper" is minus a leg. The two nines are composed mostly of employees of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, who have lost their missing members in the performance of their duties. In the ninth inning "Sockey" Ward batted a ball to the shortstop, who fielded it to first baseman "Hopper" Dowd. Then Ward ran [illegible]

FOREIGN.

[illegible]

The Sugar Combination.

[illegible]

FARM.

KILLING WEEDS.

The autumn is a good time to kill all biennial herbaceous plants. A broad chisel fixed on a long handle is excellent to cut the plants just below the surface—one to three inches, according to the nature of the plant. Dr. George Vasey, botanist, gives the following hints on weed killing:

Plants cannot live indefinitely deprived of their leaves. Hence preventing their appearance above the surface will kill them sooner or later.

[illegible]

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

[illegible]

The Quarrelsome Sparrow.

For two years past the United States Department of Agriculture has been investigating the habits of birds affecting the agricultural interests of the country, and especially those of the English sparrow, concerning which thousands of complaints have been received from all parts of the country. The last annual report of the Commissioner contains a chapter on this busy little nuisance, giving its history on this continent and showing the extent of its ravages. The English sparrow was first brought to America in 1850 by the directors of the Brooklyn Institute, with the idea that it [illegible]

What Women Are Doing.

[illegible]

Etiquette in Spain.

[illegible]

HOUSEHOLD.

DECORATIVE TRIFLES.

Nothing is more painful to a girl with artistic tastes than to live in square, bare rooms without the esthetic, and to possess, alas, a shallow purse, unable to stand the strain of "art furnishing." But one may do a good deal without calling upon that consumptive pocketbook. If one is doing anything in the line of re-furnishing, there is not the slightest reason for buying ugly things, merely because they must be inexpensive. Furniture, draperies and nick-nacks, in comparatively cheap materials, may be [illegible]

LAYING CARPETS.

[illegible]

HOUSE SLOPS.

[illegible]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[illegible]

Good Advice to Women.

[illegible]

MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

When my son Gregory married Miss Morrison, I gave him a piece of my mind, and told him I didn't care if I never saw him again. Why? Oh, well, I didn't like her; she wasn't the sort of a girl I'd have chosen. I had never seen her, but I knew she wasn't. A flighty young thing, just from boarding-school, who couldn't make a shift, or bake a loaf of bread; but there was Miss Fish, a plain girl, to be sure, but so good, a splendid housekeeper, and all that. I always liked Almira Fish; and Gregory to go and marry Fanny Morrison! Well, as I said, I told him what I thought of him and her, and the boy showed his temper, and for six months I never saw him.

I bore it as long as I could, but a mother must be a fool about her only boy; so one day, as he wouldn't come to me, I went to him, as the rascal knew I would. I went up to the office and walked up to the desk, and I was going to scold him, but something came over me that made me choke to keep the tears back, and before I knew it we had kissed and made friends.

"And now you'll go and see Fanny," said he; "and I'll find you there when I come home at night;" and after a little coaxing I said I would go—and more than that, I went.

The house was a cunning little place a mile or two out of town, and I must say, it was very neat outside.

I rang the bell, it shone as it ought to, and before it stopped tinkling some one opened the door. It was a pretty young woman in a blue chintz wrapper, and when I asked her if Mrs. Gregory Bray was at home, she answered:

"Yes, that is my name. I've been expecting you an age, but better late than [illegible]

A Watch With One Wheel.

[illegible]

THE VIRDEN ADVANCE.

— WEEKLY —

Issued Every Thursday from the Office of Publication, Nelson Avenue.

TERMS: $1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient Advertisements, such as Sales, Entertainments, Local Notices, &c., 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion, until unexpired measure.

Special rates for Commercial and Terminal Advertisements furnished upon application.

Small undisplayed Notices or Wants, Lost, Found, &c., of not more than five lines, first insertion, 25 cts. each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements unaccompanied by specific instructions will be set up with a reasonable display and inserted until ordered out.

☞ Accounts rendered monthly.

C. J. ATKINSON, W. H. HALL,
Proprietor. Editor & Manager.

The Virden Advance.

THURSDAY, OCT. 27th, 1887.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It seems that Manitoba is not to be kept out of her new railway this year after all. Arrangements have been made whereby the I. R. W. R. is to be completed by December 1st. This will be hailed with delight by all patriotic Manitobans.

* * *

During the past week the London police have held their hands full dispersing mobs of unemployed working men and thieves. Mobs have gathered each day in Trafalgar square and conflicts have each time taken place between them and the police, the latter coming out best so far.

* * *

Universal sorrow was caused throughout Manitoba last Thursday when it became known that Chief Justice Wallbridge had breathed his last. The sorrowful event took place last Thursday morning, and although the deceased had been seriously ill for some days, yet owing to the favorable reports that had been issued latterly, the news of his death came as a surprise.

COMMUNICATIONS

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents, but we will not publish anything over the name of any one for the purpose of injuring its contributor.

We shall not publish any letter unless accompanied with the name and post office of the writer, not necessarily intended for publication.

EDEN GROVE.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

A couple of inches of snow fell on the 20th and an inch more on the 22nd, with cold weather, and winter may be looked for before long. The wild ducks have long since gone south and the large white owls are making their appearance again.

Mr. A. Hartleman succeeded in trapping a fox last week. Wolves and foxes are very plentiful here and have killed fowls by the score, Mr. McKissick having lost his entire flock of thirty.

School was suspended a few days last week owing to the illness of the teacher, Mrs. W. T. McCready. We are pleased to learn she was able to attend her duties on Friday.

A few loads of wheat from here were marketed at Wapella, the price paid being 53 cents per bushel.

Sunday school closes after next Sunday, when prizes will be given by the superintendent, Mr. W. T. McCready.

MANDA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Our debating society inaugurated its series of meetings for the winter last Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. Wm. Clayton. The principle business of the evening was the deciding as to where the library should be kept. It was agreed, on the motion of Mrs. Chas. Clayton, to place the library in the care of Mr. Thos. Croft.

Our next meeting will be held at the residence of Mr. David Evans, and the program for the evening will be a debate as to which is the most desirable—a dirty good-natured wife or a clean cross wife. Several new members were enrolled, and altogether we expect to have a very instructive and pleasant time during the coming winter.

The farmers are all busy ploughing, but it is generally feared that old Jack Frost will have it all his own way unless we have a change in the weather soon.

Mr. C. J. Clayton has almost completed his new residence.

VOX POPULI.

ELKHORN.

[From Our Own Correspondent.

An extremely melancholy accident occurred here on Saturday. While Mr. Bennett's threshing machine was working at Mr. Scarth's, a young Icelander, one the machine hands, slipped into the cylinder, crushing one leg to stems, and bruising his body. Dr. Rolston, of Elkhorn, was promptly in attendance, and amputated the limb. The unfortunate man was then removed to the Cavanagh Hotel en route for Winnipeg Hospital, but the shock had been too much, and the young man expired at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. He was interred in the Elkhorn cemetery at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. It is understood that the accident was the result of carelessness on the young man's part.

Fourteen hundred bushels of wheat passed through Griffin's warehouse here on Saturday.

Threshing in this neighborhood progresses very slowly on account of the heavy yield of grain and the limited number of machines in the district, and grave fears are entertained that all the farmers will not get threshed out before the weather gets too cold for carrying on the thrashing operations satisfactorily.

It is with deep regret we learn that our worthy Schoolma'm, Miss Fraser, intends leaving us at the end of the present month. She has labored among the young and rising generation here for the last two years with marked success, and during that time has gained the esteem of every one, who has had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

OAK LAKE.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

A very enjoyable Sunday school social was held at Oak Lake on Friday last, connected with the Presbyterian church. About 56 children were present, with their parents, and after partaking of refreshments were appropriately addressed by their pastor, the Rev. D. H. Hodgs, also the Rev. C. Quinney, Church of England clergyman of Oak Lake, and the Rev. Mr. Adams, Methodist minister, of Griswold, after which Mr. E. Dickson made a few well chosen remarks in moving a vote of thanks to the teachers, which was carried with enthusiasm.

Mr. Mottram, of Elkhorn, was married on Friday to a Miss Polly Buxer, a young lady who only arrived from England last week, and one of those peculiar affairs called a chivaree, with horns, tin whistles and beating of stovepipes, took place at night to celebrate the wedding. Although a harmless amusement in itself, still we cannot say that we admire it. The newly married people were highly amused, however, and the bride thought it must be something connected with an Indian pow-wow that she had read of while in England.

Sportsman report very little game in this neighborhood as compared with other seasons, and the prairie fires of last autumn are thought to be the principal cause. So far this season we have not had a single fire of this kind anywhere, while last year the country all round was ablaze, doing much damage, not only consuming grain and hay stacks but even dwellings did not escape.

Prof. Saunders, of the Agricultural Farm, Ottawa, is now in Manitoba looking over suitable localities for an "experimental farm." He is expected in Oak Lake this week.

Potatoes are being shipped from Oak Lake to Ontario in car lots and meet with a ready sale at remunerative prices.

Mr. Wm. Henderson, mentioned in a former communication as having imprudently discharged a gun at some prairie chickens while standing up in his wagon, and was thrown out by the horses taking fright, is still lying dangerously ill, and the doctor has but slight hopes of his recovery.

The Rev. Charles Quinney left for Winnipeg this week to attend a meeting of the Church of England Synod, which commences on Wednesday next and is expected to be absent four days.

During the past week grain came to market rather slowly, owing to the continued mild weather, which enabled farmers to go on ploughing and preparing their land for next year's crops. The weather took a sudden change, however, lately, and last night the thermometer registered 6 below zero.

Death of Chief Justice Wallbridge.

The death of Chief Justice Wallbridge, whose condition during the previous two or three days was reported as improving, caused the profoundest sorrow in Winnipeg on Thursday morning. It occurred at a quarter to five o'clock, just half an hour or so after the *Sun Call* had been sent to press with the statement—made by his attendants—that his Lordship's condition was not worse. It appears that he was taken with a sudden, and to some extent unexpected relapse, from which he never recovered. About half-past two o'clock or shortly after that time, the chief, who for several hours had been very restless, was seized with violent pain, and the doctors knew then that the end was near. There was no need to tell the patient, for he realized as well as they that his time in this world was short. Frankly he told the anxious watchers at his bedside that he was dying, and it was then and only then, that the noble chief turned his mind from his unfinished court work—about the only thing that appeared to worry him during his illness—and directed it entirely to higher and more sacred channels. His death bed scene was a peaceful one, and he remained conscious to the end. The accumulating poison in his system, a peculiarity of the illness, acted like morphine, the effect being to dull, and, in fact, almost deaden, the pain. It had always been his prayer that he should not lose consciousness before death, and he expressed his grateful sense to the Almighty power for having granted it. He spoke frequently during his late hour on earth, principally to his nephew, Mr. J. F. Coldwell, his niece, Miss Wallbridge, who recently came from Ottawa to be with Elkhorn cemetery at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. It is understood that the of sixteen, Gatin Wallbridge. He was a man about the age of his beloved brother and sister in Belleville, Ont. When it was suggested that a clergyman be sent for His Lordship, then rapidly sinking, refused to allow this to be done Quietly but firmly he told those about him that he had made his peace with his Maker and was dying with perfect confidence in the future. Only a few moments after the declaration death came and the Chief Justice passed into the unknown realms.—*Morning Call.*

Potatoes.

The farmer who neglected his potato crop this spring is now ruing his action, as it has turned out to be a very important product this year and a profitable one to raise. Of course, Manitoba is benefitted because some other places have suffered from bugs, drought and other pleasences peculiar to certain parts of the United Sates, and even our sister province of Ontario to the east has not been blessed with a too bountiful crop of the Irish favorite. It is learned from reliable sources that twenty carloads of potatoes from Winnipeg daily for points east and south, and distance can judge for themselves that large quantities are being stowed away in the city in the expectation of a big price next spring. A car will hold a mat 800 bushels, so that the export amounts to 12,000 bushels per day. Prices vary from twenty-five to twenty-eight cents for car lots, and in some cases have gone up to thirty cents, but the former are the standard quotations.—*Sun.*

Look out for Orange Blossoms.

The bachelors of the west will be rejoiced to learn that Mr. C. F. Lewis' marriage scheme is about to be launched. This scheme was detailed in the *Free Press* a few weeks ago, its object is to enable bachelors who have sweethearts in the east to get married sooner than they could manage it under ordinary circumstances. The expense of the journey back and forth must always be a great consideration to the betrothed farmer. As it is the policy of the C. P. R. to encourage the founding of homes in the country Mr. Lewis proposed that the company should give a special rate to those who would go east to get married. His suggestion was that when buying his ticket for the east the intending benedict should at the same time get a certificate of rebate. After being married and on presenting a certificate from the ties of the knot tickets for himself and wife, at less than $10 would be sold for the regular price less the fare paid by the groom in coming east. It is now learned that the C. P. R. authorities have adopted Mr. Lewis' scheme and that the return rebate marriage tickets will be obtainable at all the booking stations of the railway. It is a sly move on the C. P. R.'s part and will raise them greatly in public esteem.—*Free Press.*

A Great Popular Cyclopedia.

The second volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia more than bears out the promises of the first. There seems to be little doubt that it will prove to be the great popular cyclopedia for the next score of years at least. The embodiments of the Standard Dictionary of Language and a complete Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge in one work, in large type, with thousands of illustrations, and all for a price less than people have been used to paying for a dictionary alone, is not only novelty in plan, but to the ordinary book-buyer the fact is hardly less than astounding. Its accomplishment will certainly be creditable to Alden's *Literary Revolution.*

As to the quality of the work, both literary and mechanical, any common sense reader is capable of judging. The two volumes received at this office (which any reader is welcome to call and examine) are certainly deserving of the unstinted praise which they seem to be receiving, as evince the following quotations:

"The book is in all respects more than answers my expectations. It is a very neat volume, of a form convenient for use, finely bound, of large, clear type, with contents of just that general character which the popular reader requires—comprehensive, accurate, compact. Its marvelously low cost makes it a prize eagerly to be sought in every intelligence-loving household."—*Hon. Henry Day.*

"The *Call* had been sent to press with the statement—made by his attendants—that His Lordship's condition was not worse. It appears that he was taken with a sudden, and to some extent unexpected relapse, from which he never recovered. About half-past two o'clock or shortly after that time, the chief, who for several hours had been very restless, was seized with violent pain, and the doctors knew then that the end was near. There was no need to tell the patient, for he realized as well as they that his time in this world was short. Frankly he told the anxious watchers at his bedside that he was dying, and it was then and only then, that the noble chief turned his mind from his unfinished court work—about the only thing that appeared to worry him during his illness—and directed it entirely to higher and more sacred channels. His death bed scene was a peaceful one, and he remained conscious to the end. The accumulating poison in his system, a peculiarity of the illness, acted like morphine, the effect being to dull, and, in fact, almost deaden, the pain. It had always been his prayer that he should not lose consciousness before death, and he expressed his grateful sense to the Almighty power for having granted it. He spoke frequently during his late hour on earth, principally to his nephew, Mr. J. F. Coldwell, his niece, Miss Wallbridge, who

When in Virden it will pay you to call at

The Old Reliable,

THE FARMERS STORE.

New Goods! New Goods! New Goods!

Plushes, Dress Goods, Ulster-cloths, Ladies' Ready-made Walking Jackets and Ulsters, Grey Flannels, Aberdeen Winceys, Opera Flannels, Factory Flannels, Yarns, Saxonys, Fingerings, Factory Cottons, Canton Colored Flannels, Denims, Ducks, Cottonades; also Full Stock of Ready-made Clothing, Groceries and Boots and Shoes, at the Best Values ever offered here.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

CAR LOAD OF CHOICE APPLES JUST ARRIVED.

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THE CANADA NORTH-WEST LAND CO LIMITED.

Great Advantages OFFERED TO

Purchasers

Shares now Taken at PAR

In Payment of Lands.

The Company is now enabled by Act of Parliament to accept its shares at par in payment for lands purchased at their date, or the shares can at present be bought at a considerable discount, those making purchases and using as many shares as advantageously as possible. The Company's lands are offered for sale at prices ranging from $3 to $10 per acre, on terms of payment and conditions will be found to ensure at present conditions will secure their land at from $3 upwards.

The Company's Sections have been carefully selected, and are all good agricultural land; many of them in close proximity to Railway Stations.

For prices lists and further information apply to the Secretary of the Company in Toronto, or to

W. B. Scarth,
Managing Director, Winnipeg.

READ! READ!

The New-West Farmer will be mailed to any address from now to December 31, 1888, for the regular yearly subscription price (one dollar). All new subscribers, which terms it will be marked up in the same book. New subscribers will receive in addition all the issues in which the following stories appear: "The Mine in the Prairie," "Gold-seekers in the Rockies," "Lost in the Canadian Pacific Railway," "Lost in the Canadian Pacific Railway," "Lost in the Canadian Pacific Railway

The Virden Advance

THURSDAY, OCT. 27th, 1887.

VIRDEN AND VICINITY.

VIRDEN MARKETS.—Wheat 45 to 51 cents, oats 19 cents, flour $2.00 and $2.25 per 100 lb, butter 20 cents, eggs 15 cents, potatoes 25 cents.

MADE HAPPY.—Mr. McWilliams, blacksmith, of this town, was made happy last Friday by the arrival of his wife and family from Ontario. The population of Virden is fast increasing.

TROTTING RACE.—Last Thursday Mr. McLarty trotted his pony one mile in 3:50, this winning the bet of $25 that he would do a mile under 4 minutes.

CURLING.—A meeting of curlers will be held next Monday evening, at 20 o'clock, at the Virden House, for the purpose of re-organizing the Virden Club and electing officers for the coming season.

VIRDEN BRASS BAND.—The Virden brass band practices every Tuesday and Friday night in the Massey warehouse. The band is rapidly improving and we may soon expect to have it discoursing sweet music on public occasions.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—A meeting will be held in the office of Messrs. Agnew & Goulter next Wednesday evening, at 20 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a Debating Society for Virden. All interested in the matter are invited to attend.

THE "IDEAL" CONCERT CO.—We are in receipt of a copy of the program of the concert to be given here next Saturday evening in the town hall by the Ideal concert company. The program comprises solos, duets, trios and quartettes, and a rare treat is in store for our citizens.

BAND FUND SUBSCRIBERS.—A meeting of the subscribers to the band fund will be held this (Thursday) evening, at 2:30, in the Virden House, for the purpose of appointing trustees and attending to other matters in connection with the band. All subscribers are requested to be present.

ANOTHER ENTERPRISE.—Messrs. Stevens & Rose have erected a substantial stable and corral east of the town and propose conducting a livery, feed and sale stable, and in the spring have constantly on sale horses, cattle and sheep imported from British Columbia. If they meet with sufficient encouragement they will introduce monthly auction sales of stock.

LITTLE LOCALS.

—Mr. A. Stoner was in Winnipeg this week.

—Banff coal is selling in Winnipeg at $9.25 per ton.

—Look out for Downs Bros. advertisement next week.

—Mr. A. J. McLean was in town last week and went up to Winnipeg last Sunday morning.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Virden L. O. L. will be held next Monday evening, the 31st inst.

—Judge Taylor has been appointed Chief Justice of Manitoba, to succeed the late Chief Justice Wallbridge.

—Mr. W. Carefoot has opened up a hair-dressing establishment in the stand lately occupied by Mr. P. D. White.

—The Methodist services in Virden will be held at the former hour of 19:30 o'clock, thereby cancelling the late change.

—All members of the Virden lodge of I. O. G. T. are requested to meet to-morrow (Friday) night in the Methodist church, at 20 o'clock.

—The cold spell of weather this week has stopped ploughing operations, so we may expect soon to see a good rush of wheat on the market.

—The quarterly Official Board and Parsonage Trustee Board of the Methodist church will both meet at the parsonage next Saturday afternoon.

—Rev. J. H. L. Joslyn will preach next Sunday at Smith's, Montgomery's and Virden. The communion service of the second quarterly meeting will be held at each place.

—The Canada Pacific has now 1,000 more cars on hand than it had last year and the road will have all it can do to carry out the immense surplus of grain from the country.

—Rev. H. Littlehales will preach next Sunday as follows: Sanderson School House at 11 o'clock, Mayville School House at 14 o'clock, Daybreak School House at 16 o'clock.

—Only about 55,000 bushels of wheat have been marketed in Virden so far this season, this is accounted for by the farmers all desiring to get as much ploughing as possible done before frost sets in.

—A congregational meeting of the Presbyterian Church will be held in the town hall on Wednesday next, Nov. 2nd, at 2 o'clock, to consider the advisability of taking steps toward the erection of a church.

—The Illustrated London News in its American edition of October 15th furnishes as usual many pictures upon a variety of subjects, including a double-page picture Deer Stalking in the Highlands, three pages devoted to the British Mission to Morocco, a most pleasing and instructive picture entitled A Sad Dog's Day, Sketches of Life On Board a Man of War, The Home of Florence Nightingale, &c., &c. The supply of reading matter is also abundant and interesting, while the number complete costs at retail only 10 cents. The office of publication is 237 Potter Building, New York.

Dennis Agricultural Society.

The directors of the above Society met last Saturday and went over the judges books, and as a result the following recommends were make and corrections to prize list:

Class I.—One-year-old mare—1st D. McDonald, 3rd John Bastard.

Colt (Ont. Watt)—1st W. McIntosh, 2nd Thos. Frame 3rd Jas. Elder.

Class II.—Brood mare—W. & G. Johnston instead of T. Badger.

Spring Colt—R. Graham.

Class III.—Brood mare—2nd J. W. Higginbottom.

Class V.—Yoke of steers, broken—Jas. A. Johnson.

Tapp & McDowell, 1st prize for factory cheese, a deploma.

Class XIII.—Miss Philion 2nd for embroidery.

Boquet of flowers—Miss Clayton 2nd.

Gents smoking cap—W. V. Stevenson.

The directors awarded a prize to each of the following:

Wool mat—Mrs. Caulfield.
Crewell work—Mrs. Cain.
Knitted tidy—Mrs. Cameron.
Curtains—Mrs. Stephens.
Wall splasher—W. Clayton.
Macrame work—Miss Stephens, 2nd Mrs. Pearson
Panel in arrasene—Mrs. Caulfield.
Collection of prairie grasses—Miss Bradley.
Pillow Lace—Miss Ronat.
Darned net—Miss Philion.
Pencil drawing—1st Miss Fraser, 2nd W. V. Stevenson.
Crayon drawing—Miss Philion.

Red River Valley Railway to be Completed this Year.

Arrangements have been entered into between the Provincial Government and the well known railway contractor, Mr. H. S. Holt, and certain persons associated with him, by which work will be resumed at once on the construction of the Red River Valley railroad. The work will now be pushed on to a rapid completion, and it is expected that the road will be in operation by December 1st. It will be remembered that last spring a charter was granted under the provincial general railway act incorporating a company under the name of the Manitoba Construction Company, the incorporators being Messrs. H. S. Holt, G. S. Mackay and A. M. Morrison, of Toronto, and J. H. D. Munson, C. S. Hoare and Alex. McIntyre, of Winnipeg. It is probable that this company will be re-organized by changes in or additions to its personnel, and that Mr. Holt and his associates will carry on the work in the name of this company. The province will be recouped by the company for almost the entire expenditure so far made on the line. The proceeds of the $300,000 of treasury bonds now offered are to be used to pay off existing liabilities, the former contractors, and for rails, etc. This amount is to be paid back to the Government by the company before the bonds mature. The company will not receive any payment or subsidy from the province for the completion of the line, but will build it purely as a private enterprise and will own and operate it. So that practically the road is to be completed without any expense whatever to the province. The agreement with Mr. Holt provides that rates and all questions as to sale, amalgamation, etc., are to be subject to the control of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.—*Morning Call.*

Fatal Railway Accident.

Last Saturday the express from the west was several hours late, the cause of it being an accident to a freight train about two miles west of Qu'Appelle Station. It was about one o'clock Saturday morning that engine 73 was drawing a number of empty cars on the down grade two miles west of Qu'Appelle station. There the train suddenly broke in two. Conductor Budden noticed the mishap and signalled the brakeman on the rear part of the train to stop the cars under his charge. At the same time the engineer was signalled to go ahead so as to prevent the rear section from pitching in. Next to the engine was a flat car, and behind it several box cars. Unnoticed by the engineer and conductor the coupling link between these broke, leaving the middle section of the train running wild. The engineer was leaning out of his cab, and when he saw by the lights on the caboose that the rear section of the train was stopped he slowed down. Then the wild box cars which formed the middle section overtook the engine and flat car and simply climbed over the latter and the tender, falling on the cab of the engine and crushing it. The engineer, who was looking out of the door looking back at the rear section, was knocked out and received only slight injuries, but the fireman was crushed down at his post, getting such internal injuries that he died almost immediately. The conductor and brakeman on the wild cars were thrown off, but by some lucky chance received only a few bruises. The victim was E. Stenhouse, a young unmarried man from St. Thomas Ont., who entered the service of the company here last July. An inquest was held upon his body Saturday afternoon, when after hearing the testimony of the train-men the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, attributing no blame either to the C. P. R. or its employees.

INFORMATION WANTED as to the whereabouts of Chester J. Hathaway, who left home on May 22nd. The information will be gladly be received by his father, BURTON HATHAWAY, Virden, Man.

BIRTH, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.
Notices under this heading, free.

DEATHS.

HORSMAN.—At Greenock, Scotland, aged 81, John Horsman, Esq., father of John Horsman, Hardware Merchant, of Oak Lake.

GIRL WANTED!

WANTED a girl to do general work. Apply to MRS. MCLARTY, Virden.

CARD OF THANKS.

I HAVE TO THANK MR. DOYLE, manager of the Miniota Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., for his most satisfactory payment in full of my claim for loss by the burning of my stables, sheds and contents on 17th August.

I have been insured for twenty years in farmers' Mutual Companies, and I have much pleasure in certifying to the satisfactory settlements of those companies in Ontario, as well as that of the Miniota Mutual.

W. R. GUTHRIE.

Pipestone, Sept. 27th, 1887.

GRAND CONCERT!

—BY THE—

IDEAL

CONCERT COMPANY!

—AT THE—

Town Hall,

SATURDAY, Oct. 29.

ARTISTS:

Mrs W. S. JONES, Soprano,
Miss NELLIE WEBSTER, Contralto.
MR. JOSEPH TEES, Tenor.
MR. A. E. FERTE, Basso.
Miss PETERS, Pianist.

ADMISSION, 50 CTS.

CLIFFORD KEENLYSIDE,
Business Manager

Wm. G. WYATT & CO.,

The New Lumber Dealers, Virden,

are still selling CHEAP for CASH, Doors Windows, Lath and Shingles.

Lumber from $1800 to $27.50 per 1,000.

Also Lime, Brick, Hair and Plaster kept on hand to fill all orders for building material.

L.O.L., 1519,

MEETS MONDAY on or before every full moon at the Victoria House, Virden, at 8 o'clock.

W. H. HALL, Master.
S. S. COLTER, Secretary

SCRIP FOR SALE.

$75 to $80 SAVED!

Parties desirous of paying for their pre-emptions can obtain Scrip from the undersigned at a great discount, and save $75.00 to $80.00 in the purchase, from the Government.

Apply to

W. T. B. KENNEDY,
Registrar,
Virden.

B. MEEK,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, READY MADE CLOTHING, OXFORD TWEEDS, ETC.,

the best and cheapest goods in the Dominion of Canada.

GROCERIES.

A full and complete stock of the above, and new goods arriving daily.

Seventh Avenue - - Virden

Better Value Than Ever!

Watches from $3 up to $60 each.

Clocks from $1 50 up to $12.

Spectacles @ 15, 25, 50 and 75 cts., $1.00, $1.50, $3.00, $4.50 and $6.50 per pair.

Gold rings from $1.25 to $15 each.

Ladies solid gold watches from $15 up to $45 each.

Also an assortment of Pipes, Pocket books, violin strings, etc.

G. J. CLARKE,
Watchmaker,
Virden.

Frame & Miller

have on hand a Full Stock of

Harvest Tools,

of the best quality and VERY CHEAP.

—ALSO—

Building Material of all kinds, suitable for Granary or Castle, at

Lowest Prices.

Machine Oil, Paint Oil, Coal Oil, and almost Everything in the Hardware line.

Call and inspect our stock and get prices.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Slap Bang

Here We Are Again

To thank our friends and customers for their kind favors since our advent in our new premises; and in connection therewith we desire to say that we are now in a better position than we ever have been to cater to the wants and necessities of all who favor us with their custom; and we feel fully assured that we can supply them with first-class goods in all the respective lines in which we deal, at prices second to no other establishment outside the metropolis of Manitoba.

We wish to say, right here, that we are determined to convince our customers that it is their interest, as well as ours, that they should give us an opportunity to prove this fact.

The days of monopoly in the Prairie Province are numbered. "Competition is the life of trade." "The nimble sixpence knocks the slow shilling into a cocked hat" every time in these days of progress, and "The survival of the fittest" is a correct law of nature, and is bound to be demonstrated right here in Virden in a business point of view. We are willing to take our chance in the swim, only asking a fair trial and no favor, to prove our right to retain our business existance.

COME ONE, COME ALL,

and test and see whether our promises are rightly chosen or otherwise. We are willing to submit our prices, our goods and our method of doing business and abide the issue and the verdict of a discriminating and impartial public.

J. S. YOUNG,

STONE STORE,
DRYGOODS AND GROCERIES,

NELSON STREET, - - - - - VIRDEN.

IT WAS NOT A CAR LOAD!

Only Seven Hogsheads, Five Barrels and Four Crates of

CROCKERY

—ARRIVED FOR—

J. J. CAULFIELD.

He sold the hogsheads for granaries and the crates for corrals, and realized well on them, greatly reducing the cost of the crockery, which is

A SPLENDID SELECTION,

Probably the best that has ever come into this Province.

CALL AND SEE THE GOODS.

CITY MEAT MARKET.

W. B. SARJEANT

begs to thank his numerous customers for the liberal patronage they have bestowed on him during the four years he has been in business in Virden, and hopes by strict attention to merit a continuance of their custom.

MEAT! MEAT!! MEAT!!!

of the Primest Quality always in stock, and at prices Lower than Ever.

Special Inducements to buyers of Large Quantities.

John Horsman,

Hardware Merchant,

OAK LAKE.

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Oils, Paints, Window-glass, Building-paper and all other goods to be found in a **First-Class Establishment.**

Prices guaranteed to be as Low as any west of Winnipeg. Call and get prices.

Mrs. Rothmund

at her New Stand on 7th Avenue, two doors west of Nelson St., is now showing her

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

LOWER THAN EVER.

A splendid assortment of ready-made Ulsters, also Dress Goods and stylish trimmings in great variety.

Millinary, Feathers, Flowers, Fancy Silks, Plushes and Ulstering Cloth.

First-class dress and mantle making by an experienced Dressmaker.

Virden Roller Mills

These Mills have now started up for the Season after having been closed down for some time for the purpose of putting New and

Improved Machinery,

and are running night and day.

The quality of Flour now turned out is unsurpassed in the country.

Bran and Shorts

in large quantities can be had at

$8.00 and $10.00

PER TON.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT.

T. COLTER

—OF—

THE STAR BAKERY,

Begs to inform the inhabitants of the County of Dennis that he has secured a large stock of

GROCERIES

which he intends disposing of at the Lowest Prices Possible.

GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

Magnificent Array

OF

COSTLY AND HANDSOME PRIZES

GIVEN AWAY WITH THE

MANITOBA WEEKLY FREE PRESS,

CANADA'S MAMMOTH PAPER.

The Great Family Newspaper of the Canadian Northwest.

1887— —CAMPAIGN— —1888

16th YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

Over Two Thousand one Hundred Dollars Worth of Splendid Prizes Given **$2,100** FREE to Subscribers.

Self-Binders, Mowers, Splendid Doherty Organ, Sewing Machines, Watches, Breech-loading Guns, Stoves, &c., &c.

BALANCE OF 1887 FREE.

ONLY $2.00 TO 1889.

Everyone subscribing now for a full year gets the balance of this year FREE, and every subscriber on our subscription list on the 1st day of February next, and whose last payment was for not less than a whole year, participates in the Great Prize Scheme.

SEE THE GRAND PRIZE LIST IN THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS.

Enclose two dollars, with name and post office, register the letter, and address to

FREE PRESS, WINNIPEG, MAN.

LESS THAN THREE CENTS PER WEEK

Subscribe for the

VIRDEN ADVANCE

and serve your own interests by keeping yourself posted in local matters.

ONLY $1.50 A EAR.

—PAID IN ADVANCE.—

A GREAT SECRET,

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER II.

Madeline was far too submissive by habit to think of disobeying any injunction of Louis's; therefore, as soon as he had left the room, she went to bed, and dutifully tried to go to sleep. But here her well-tried faculty of passive obedience broke down; that note that Louis had forced her to write puzzled and frightened her; her husband's explanation that he had made her do it for a trick seemed lame and unsatisfactory, as she thought over the incident with the terrible clearness with which night shows us all things evil. Yet the very suggestion that he could have had a serious purpose in dictating to her that urgent appeal to Mr. Staunton caused her to start up cold and shuddering, and to rush to the door, and, crouching beside it, listen intently for Louis's footstep in wild longing for his presence to dispel a great fear.

But he did not come. All through the night she waited and watched, and the active [illegible] of the day was in full swing before she fell asleep, her last confused thought a presentiment of coming evil. Broad daylight brought a sharp knock at the door, and the sight of Louis's handwriting on the note, which the waiter handed her on the tray with her morning coffee, was so suggestive after the night's reflections, that she said to herself before she touched it: "He has deserted me." Then she tore the envelope, and read the letter twice through very quickly.

"My darling Madeline," the note ran, "I know you will be delighted to hear that I have most opportunely and unexpectedly found some employment which, though it is not of a kind to make our fortunes rapidly, will at least relieve me from the terrible trial I have suffered lately, of seeing my sweet queen deprived of the dainty luxuries which beauty has the right to demand. The nature of my employment I will explain to you on my return from Havre, where I shall be for the next three weeks; I need not tell you that it is nothing unworthy of a gentleman, yet my pride of birth made me hesitate to avow to you that for your sake I had condescended to do a clerk's work for a clerk's wage. I enclose you [illegible] money—all I have; I will send you [illegible] when I have earned it. Strange words for a De Breteuil to use! Do not mention my degradation—alas, my pride will [illegible] out!—to any one. Bear up; I shall clasp my darling in my arms again before long. Adieu, my divine one—no, au revoir.—Your adoring and devoted

LOUIS."

The letter was in English, which the accomplished De Breteuil spoke and wrote as easily as French; enclosed were two ten franc notes. Madeline felt, on reading this letter, as if all her love for her husband had suddenly disappeared, and given place to a very hearty disgust with his hypocrisy and meanness. She was such a clever woman that the instincts of her passionate affection could not always stifle the conclusions of her reason; moreover, having already had one bad husband, the simple artifices by which a poor [illegible] of his wife tries to satisfy her and [illegible] himself at the same time were not unknown to her. She did not shed one tear over the eloquent effusion which proved to her conclusively that her second venture had been little better than her first, and then she wondered how it was that luck in this matter of marriage was so strangely against her. She thought the matter over before her looking-glass, sitting down deliberately in front of it and criticizing herself very dispassionately indeed; it was a review that could not be anything but favorable, for her beauty was almost faultless, of a well-known English type, that of the large, fair-skinned, brown-haired woman with grey eyes, dark eyebrows and lashes, and a nose just not straight enough to be severe.

"I am very handsome," was her conclusion while her face puckered up at last as if she would like to cry. I wonder why I can't keep a man fond of me, when I am so fond of him as I am—so, as I am of Louis! I [illegible] turned-up nose! [illegible] turned up noses are talkative and amusing, while I am like nothing but a great silent, stupid doll."

She did herself injustice; she was not stupid. Her feelings were dull this morning, after the keen excitement of the night, and reflection on the subject of man's perfidy had already carried her so far as she could go as she looked at the two ten-franc notes, mentally added up the hotel bill she would have to pay at the end of the week, and considered her position. She was a middle-class girl, an orphan, born to economy, trained to self-dependence; her recent prosperity had not lasted long enough to destroy certain valuable instincts of thrift and self-help, and a way out of her embarrassed financial position soon evolved itself out of her more sentimental reflections. She unlocked two large trunks which occupied a considerable space in the room, and took out two or three of the handsome dresses which formed their chief contents. For a very few moments she stood lost in the brilliant dreamlike life of love and idleness which the costumes which she had worn during that period recalled to her; then she rang the bell and asked if Mdlle Rosalie could spare her a few minutes.

Mdlle Rosalie was the head chambermaid, a shrewd shrewish looking elderly person, a quick curious reader of character—especially bad character, and yet with a certain world-wise strength in her face at times which was not unattractive, and which justified Madeline's choice of her for a confidant. Her appearance on her entrance was not encouraging. She had mentally labelled "M. and Madame Louis" on their first arrival respectively "knave" and "fool," and there was a certain expression of cheerful and triumphant malignity on her face as she looked round the room, and said brightly: "Madame va [illegible]—et monsieur?"

"My husband has been called away suddenly from Paris on business, Rosalie," said Madeline, with some dignity. "And as he has gone away for my sake, to make money for me," she continued, repeating Louis's lie with lips which she could scarcely keep steady, "I want on my side to spend as little as I can during his absence; and as I have no friends in France, and I know you are a woman of experience who can help me if you will, I sent for you to ask if you would mind telling me how to set about it."

"And so monsieur has gone away!" cried Rosalie, raising her eyebrows in exaggerated surprise. "And left madame behind him to economize by herself, which is dull work at the [illegible] of times." But just then madame's dignity began to show unmistakable signs of giving way, and the dry old Frenchwoman softened a little. "Ah, madame, these husbands who can't be content with one wife, however young and pretty she may be, they are people it is best to have nothing to do with. I never did," she added unnecessarily. "And how can I be of service to madame? I will most willingly if I can," she added, with some kindliness.

"Thank you. Can you tell me where I ought to go to try to sell some dresses? I have some very handsome ones that I have only worn a few times, and that I shall not want again," she added, as Rosalie looked at her curiously.

As she finished speaking, Madeline raised the linen cover she had flung over the dresses she had taken out of one of her trunks, and displayed to the keenly-appreciative eyes of the old Frenchwoman a tempting pile of silk and satin, heavy brocade and delicate lace, at which they both gazed for some moments not without reverence.

"Ah, yes, that is the dress madame wore yesterday," said Rosalie, venturing to lay a diffident brown claw on one of them when her black eyes had taken note of every fold. "It is very beautiful."

Madeline opened the trunk again, and drew out another and more showy costume, with much red and gold, which had had a *succès d' originalité* at Auteuil. Rosalie's intelligent face lighted up suddenly at sight of it. "Ah!" escaped sharply from her lips.

Madeline looked up. "You have seen a toilette like this before?" she added, trying to speak carelessly.

"No, madame; I have only heard of one toilette like that," answered Rosalie, whose sharp eyes had noted every golden tassel, every embroidered flower, on the crimson velvet underskirt.

"Indeed! and what toilette was that?"

"It was one worn at the races three months ago by the mistress of the millionaire, M. de Breteuil."

Madeline had been prepared for a recognition, and had stood trifling with the drapery of a skirt, ready to parry a question or to listen to an exclamation. But there was one word in the chambermaid's speech that struck her dumb; she had sometimes wondered what was the position assigned to her by her husband's friends, but never before had she heard her degradation taken for granted. She remained silent for a few minutes, and Rosalie, whose respect for her had evidently risen much higher since the discovery that Madame Louis was the woman whose beauty and magnificent toilettes had been the talk of Paris, began to fear that she had been indiscreet.

"Madame may rely on my discretion," said she, with an elaborate air of mystery: "and if, indeed, madame wishes to dispose of these beautiful dresses, I can do so easily by saying that they came into my hands through your maid. I—I had heard," she continued, "that when M. de Breteuil started for India madame went with him; therefore I did not expect ever to have the honor—"

She paused. Madeline's face had suddenly changed. She had intended to correct the mistake into which Rosalie had fallen, by assuring her that she really was De Breteuil's wife; but these last words told her that Louis had not been recognized and after a moment's struggle she resolved to keep faithful to his wish to remain unknown.

"Did you ever see M. de Breteuil?" she asked.

"No, madame. I recognized your marvelous dress, because I had seen it at the modiste's. I have a cousin who is employed by Madame Euphrasie. But is Madame sure she will not need these dresses again? I know very well that ladies of Madame's position do not wear their costumes more than a few times; but still, it seems a pity to part with a dress like this—"

"I shall not want them again," said Madeline, shuddering. "I wish to sell [illegible] to realize all the money I can, to take [illegible] cheap and quiet rooms, and to live by teaching. If you cannot help me—"

"On the contrary," broke in Rosalie vivaciously, "I can help madame in all these things. I know Paris well. I can recommend madame to some charming apartments in the house of a friend of mine, and to a school where an English governess is required, if madame really means to condescend—"

"To earn an honest living," finished Madeline very quietly.

Rosalie heaved a deep sigh, and looked at the young Englishwoman with puzzled pity. "Ah, what a man!" she murmured enthusiastically, after a moment's pause. "What stories one hears about him, his magnificence his deviltry! And all the while I know one little thing about him which would make people speak of him so differently."

"And what is that?" asked Madeline quickly.

"Ah! madame must excuse me. A secret about a person in the great world is valuable property sometimes; and when M. de Breteuil returns from his travels, and settles in Paris again, I may perhaps make use of it. Most of those great gentlemen have a leaf turned down in their history, they say, which they would willingly tear out altogether. However, that is not our affair at [illegible]. I will serve you to the best of my power, madame, and charge you but a reasonable commission."

Madeline had no choice but to trust her; and finding that the woman did, as far as she could tell, keep her secret and deal fairly by her, she took two [illegible] in the [illegible] of the next few days [illegible] the night-shop of an ex-[illegible], who was the friend Rosalie had recommended, and set about obtaining employment as a teacher of English.

She was surprised to find how easily she had got over the wrench of parting from Louis; a few weeks ago, the mere thought of a temporary separation, such as he had told her those mysteriously altered fortunes of his might render necessary, had seemed to her only less horrible than a living tomb. She could not understand herself. Was she cold, after all, she wondered, as her first husband had said, that she could take so calmly the desertion of the man she had loved so much! Her calmness, if she had but known it, was the clue to the puzzle. The excitement of her passionate devotion to her husband, the torments of repressed jealousy she had suffered as his ambition for popularity seemed to take him further and further away from her, the culminating madness of her devotion when reverse of fortune gave him again to her and her only, and crushing disappointment at the discovery that her love could not make him happy, had worn the woman out until nothing but the embers of emotion seemed left in her. The necessity of work gave her passionate heart rest; and she devoted herself to the details of the sale of her dresses, of her installation in her two shabby rooms, and to the search for pupils with a sort of pleasure which amazed her. The remembrance of Mr. Staunton's kindness, the letter Louis had made her write, the strange fear she had had about it, scarcely occupied her any longer except as a vague dream-like incident that had passed and had no connection with that life which at present seemed so very narrow to her. She would work very hard, and she would do all the good she could; for she had a bourgeois feeling that the luxurious life she led for the first ten months of her second marriage needed some sort of expiation.

But the calm did not last long. On the fourth evening after Louis's departure, she was passing by the hotel where she had stayed with him, when she saw him standing in the *porte cochère*. She stopped short, the blood rushing to her head, and making it throb, and dimming her sight. She was on the other side of the road, and he did not look up; but she knew that he saw her, for Louis saw everything and everybody and it was one of his amiable characteristics to let his friends pass him to save himself the trouble of a salutation. Madeline's love had flashed into full life at the first sight of him; [illegible] even as impulse urged her to [illegible] across the road to him, reason, waking too, told her that to do so would be to put herself at the mercy of a cold and selfish tyrant, who did not want her, and who would make her pay a heavy price for his toleration of the infirmity of her affection. After a struggle with herself so short and so sharp that it was only like one agonizing pang, she stepped forward to continue her walk; then Louis looked at her with an expression which was in reality simply one of astonishment, but to her dazzled, blinded, remorseful eyes it seemed eloquent with reproach and wounded feeling. In the same moment it struck her that he looked ill, and pale, anxious; and as she reached his side she whispered humbly, slipping her hand into his, and looking into his eyes with the simple devotion of a dog, who does not concern himself with the faults of his manner:

"Forgive me."

Louis nodded at her magnanimously, though he had not the slightest idea for what she asked his forgiveness. She put her arm through his, and led him in the direction of her new abode.

"I have had to take two cheaper rooms, Louis. I am afraid you won't like them, for they are rather small and not very well furnished," she said with some anxiety.

"O, well, you know I am not particular," said he heroically. And she assented to this with inward doubt.

"Where have you been, Louis?" she asked, looking up at him affectionately. "You have been disappointed in the work you went away for."

She felt his arm tremble for a second, and he said sharply, "What do you mean? What makes you say that?"

"Why, you said in your letter you would be in Havre three weeks, and you are back already."

"Too soon, I suppose?"

"O, yes, of course."

The joy that thrilled the woman's low voice as she uttered these words with a lazy laugh full of intense unspeakable happiness made it plain that she wanted no explanations, that the fact of his return was enough for her. Still he explained, with great care, deliberation and clearness.

"I learnt on arriving at Havre," he said, "that the correspondent whose place I had gone to take was able to return much sooner than he had expected, so that, finding my occupation gone, I came back at once, eager to see my darling; but found, to my surprise, that you had left the hotel."

Madeline said nothing; she was in a passion of self-reproach at her suspicions of him; she could only press his arm silently, and, as they had now reached the house where she lodged, she hurried him affectionately upstairs to her little sitting-room on the top floor, lit the lamp, for evening was closing in, and took up a basket with which she always did her marketing.

"Now," said she, as she put a chair to the table for him, "I will leave you to enjoy your paper, while I go and get something nice for supper in honor of your return."

She kissed his forehead tenderly, and left him. But away from the enchantment of his actual presence, doubts crowded again thickly in her mind. She began to perceive that it was not love which had brought him back to her; that even in his reception of her enthusiastic welcome his toleration of her was even colder than it had been before; perhaps it was poverty, perhaps it was custom, but it was not affection which had restored him to her; and she knew Louis too well to suppose that it was duty. The thought of Mr. Staunton flashed again across her mind, but then—Thank Heaven! Louis had come back poor, so her fear that he would work upon the Englishman's kindness was proved groundless. And again the old hope that her devotion might win the whole of Louis's heart woke up in her, and she rejoiced in the power her early training had given her of work'ng for him now that reverse of fortune had dulled for a time his energy and his spirits. Inspired by the proud feeling of being able to do a little toward repaying her husband for the happiness he had been the first to make her taste, she indulged in an extravagant outlay for supper, and returning home, went up-stairs with a soft tread, thinking she would surprise Louis by her speedy return. So she stole on tiptoe into her bedroom, took off her bonnet, and crept up to the looking-glass to arrange her hair by the very little daylight there was left.

In the midst of the flutter of bright excitement into which her little trick had thrown her, she was startled by hearing a sound like a deep groan from the next room. For a few moments she stood still, comb in hand, listening; but she heard nothing further more alarming that the noise of a chair being pushed back a little way. But the fright, slight though it was, had damped her spirits, and it was with a slower hand that she took off her walking-dress and felt under the dressing-table for her slippers. She could not at first find them, and as she stretched her arm out further in the search she touched something close against the wall. Drawing it out, she saw in the faint light that it looked like a man's shirt, rolled up and fastened with a pin. Her first impression was that it had been forgotten under the dressing-table by a former occupant of the room; but just at the moment that she instinctively took the pin out, the door opened so suddenly that she uttered a little cry of surprise as Louis burst into the room.

"Who's there?" he called, in a loud, harsh voice.

"It's all right, Louis; it's only I—Madeline," she said, astonished by the sharpness of his tone, and by a wild, scared look on his face as his eyes seemed to flash round the darkening room.

His glance then fell upon her as she sat on the floor in deep shadow.

"Get up, then; get up. What are you hiding away there for," he asked sharply.

"I am not hiding, Louis," she answered gently, and was moving to get up when he caught sight of the object in her hand.

"What have you got there?" said he, and, stooping, he snatched it from her.

As he did so, with grasp not quite steady the shirt unrolled itself; and with horror which seemed to stop her breath, Madeline saw that on the cuffs, the front of the collar, and far up one of the sleeves, were great dark stains.

"What is it? What is it?" she asked, in a broken, guttural whisper, after a minute's silence, during which, with a curse, De Breteuil had rolled it up again and tried to thrust it into one of his pockets.

"It is nothing—nothing. At least, if you must know—But no, it would only frighten you."

"Tell me, tell me!"

"Well, don't be frightened. As I was walking by myself the day before yesterday in a lonely place, near a wood, I was attacked—"

"Attacked! By a man?"

"No, no; by a wolf."

"At Havre?"

"No. The fact is I have deceived you. My reverse of fortune, my inability to provide for you, had driven me half mad, and I resolved to commit suicide. I drove to St. Lazare, took the first train that started, found myself in the morning at Nevers; I took another train to Autun, which I know well, where there are woods, where I thought I would shoot myself quietly. I was attacked, as I tell you, by a wolf, and in defending myself my instinctive clinging to life woke again. I came back to Paris, not intending to inflict my wretched presence upon you."

"Then those marks—those stains—are—blood!" she interrupted fearfully.

"Yes, yes; but only my wrists—nothing serious. Don't be alarmed."

But she was not reassured; some horrible thought had taken possession of her. She got up, and without a word more walked with undecided, staggering steps, and with the fumbling slowness of a half-witted person through the door which led into the sitting-room. De Breteuil half called to her; and as she paid no heed he began humming an air with hard forced liveliness and did not immediately follow her. When he did so, she was sitting with her back to him at the table, poring over the newspaper as he had done.

"Well," said he cheerfully, "any news?"

But as he laid his hand on her shoulder she felt the touch of it grow suddenly heavy; for he saw what it was she was reading, and knew what significance she gave to it. It was a paragraph which ran as follows:

"The name of the English gentleman who so suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the Hotel Collet, Lyons, on Tuesday after leaving word that he should return in time for dinner, has been ascertained to be Staunton or Stanton. He is said to have had property of value with him, and it is conjectured he may have met with foul play. He was last seen at five minutes past two on Tuesday afternoon at the railway station of Neuville—"

Neuville! Madeline read no further; it was the name Louis had scrawled on the top of the note he had made her write to Mr. Staunton. In a moment she understood the horrible share he had forced her to take in a scheme of appalling cowardice, treachery, and ingratitude. There was complete silence in the room for a few leaden moments; then she raised her head and met De Breteuil's shifting, sidelong look, and he read the terrible indictment in her eyes.

For all the man's audacity, the opinion of others floated or sank him; now that this woman knew his ghastly secret, and showed her abhorrence in her face, his features wore the hunted, degraded look of the coward and the cut-throat. He could not meet her wild eyes, and after standing for a few moments restlessly before her, he suddenly turned, snatched up his hat, and slunk out of the room toward the staircase. He had gone some steps down when a hoarse whisper from above stopped him.

"Louis, where are you going?"

"I don't know. And what is that to you, so long as you get rid of me?"

His voice was low, hard, reckless, the voice of a man in the lowest stage of abject hopelessness. A pause, and then he went down another stair.

"Louis!"

"Well?"

"You will let me know where you go?"

"No."

"Why? why?"

"The woman who can turn a man off just when the whole world is against him does not deserve that he should remember her."

Her apparent reluctance to part with him, even now, was causing his self-esteem to revive, and his voice was not without grandiloquent sonority.

"Louis, I did not turn you off—I don't turn you off. Come back. I am your wife; I will comfort you, save you. It was only that—that—I was so happy—to have you back; and then the change was so sudden and so dreadful! Come!"

For an instant he tried to assume a dignified attitude of hesitation, but the offer was too evidently one not to be refused. He turned, slunk up the stairs, and shuffled back into the sitting-room. There at last a spark of gratitude was struck out of the cavern nature, and he fell, sobbing and mourning incoherent thanks, on to the neck of the woman who had stood every test, caressing her and calling her his comfort, his salvation.

But the sound of his voice was changed in her ears, and the touch of his hand thrilled her not now with tenderness, but with horror. For her love was dead. It had died in the moment that she learnt that he was a traitor and a coward; and as he buried his head on her shoulder, and poured out the passionate words for which she had longed as the desert-parched traveler for water, only the resolution that straightened her lips, and the sense of duty that shone in her cold eyes, enabled her to force down her disgust, and to bear like a lifeless statue the kisses of the husband for whom a week ago she would have died.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What it Will Do.

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Vancouver Papooses.

The natives of Vancouver's Island are described by Mr. Stuart Cumberland as superior to other tribes along the Northwest coast. He praises the beauty of some of the children; but, owing to the manner of living, this beauty fades early. An Indian is old at thirty. Even the children seem older than they really are because of the gravity they maintain.

Children, like little brown rabbits, were squatting about on the ground, appearing to be, even at that early age, too solemn and taciturn to romp or indulge in childlike games. When they saw me approach, they were off as quick as rabbits to their holes, and now and then I could catch them watching me with large, black, wondering eyes from behind a boat, a tree-stump, or a half-closed door.

Babies appeared to be plentiful, and, unlike those in other places, they seemed to be both healthy and well nourished. Their lungs were certainly of the strongest, and their appetites were truly prodigious. An Indian baby will yell at the slightest provocation—and, for the matter of that, without provocation at all.

It is also equally remarkable that a "papoose" will eat, or endeavor to do so, anything he can lay his hands on. Once, whilst I was endeavoring to make myself understood to a wrinkled squaw, a velvet-eyed youngster, with deft fingers, snatched a cigarette out of my hand and proceeded to devour it.

At first he seemed to like it, but he did not go on long with the job, for with a mighty yell, which would have startled anybody except an Indian out of his boots, and which drove me out of the room, he dispossessed himself of his spoil, whilst the ancient dame proceeded to fill her pipe with what remained.

Cholera in New York.

Asiatic cholera is now in New York, having been brought there by a vessel from Italy. As the vessel, with its crew and passengers, is in quarantine, there is probably little danger of the disease spreading from that source. But on another occasion the disease may not have yet developed on the arrival of the vessel and the same precautions may not be taken to prevent the passengers from scattering over the land. Old clothes and personal effects may escape fumigation. There is, in fact, a strong probability that cholera may invade this continent next year.

If it comes will it find us prepared? After it has come it will be too late to set our house in order, for any hasty action then would probably only aggravate the mischief.

We now have warning of a very probable danger, and we should not neglect it. The near approach of cold weather prevents there being any immediate risk, but the winter season may well be utilized to consider sanitary arrangements for the future. We are now carelessly content to do without sewers and other precautions required by the laws of health, but it would be very rash to rely upon a continuance of our comparative immunity.

We have our warning and we should profit by it.

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble.

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day,
As snappish and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Or a kick, if she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.

What makes the old fellow so surly and grim,
And behave so confoundedly mean?
There's certainly something the matter with him—
Is it stomach, or liver, or spleen?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul,
It's enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friend with a growl.

The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood, tone your system and build up your flesh and strength.

Our dudes are about to don corsage bouquets.

The [illegible] and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems,
Will never trouble with their ills
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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets:—vegetable, harmless, painless, sure!

The Emperor of Russia plays the cornet. Can this be the real secret of Nihilistic activity?

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The gambler's favorite hymn is "There's a land that is Fare than Day."

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